## NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1890.—THIRTY PAGES.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

CHAPTER VI.-(Continued).

Terpenhow had been moved to lecture Dick more than once lately on the sin of levity, and Dick had listened and replied not a word. In the weeks between the first few Sundays of his aline he had flung himself savegely into his work, resolved that Maisie should at least know the full stretch of his powers. Then he least attention to any work outside her own. took his counsels, but was not interested in his

Your things smell of tobacco and blood." she said once. "Can't you do anything ex-

I sould do a head of you that would startle you." thought Dick—this was before the red-haired girl had brought him under the guilloharrowed Torpenhow's soul that evening with plasphemies against Art. Later, insensibly and to a large extent against his own will, he ceased to interest himself in his own work. For Maisie's sake, and to soothe the self-respect that, it seemed to him, he lost each Sun-dar, he would not consciously turn out bad stuff, but, since Maisie did not care even for his best, it were better not to do anything at all save wait and mark time between Sunday and Sunday. Torpenhow was disgusted as the weeks went by fruitless, and then attacked him one Sunday evening when Dick felt utterly exhausted after three hours' biting self-Language, and Torpenhow withdrew to consuit the Niighal, who had come in to talk Con-

the temper?" said the Nilghai. "It isn't worth worrying over. Dick is probably playing the

Inn't that had enough ?" No. She may throw him out of gear and knock his work to pieces for awhile. She may on the staircase. One never knows. But until Dick speaks of his own accord you had better not touch him. He is no easy-tempered man

"No; I wish he were. He is such an aggressive, cocksure, you-be-damned fellow." He'll get that knocked out of him in time.

"I know that as well as you do. Give me eredit for a little gumption." "Be hanged if I do!"

"Be hanged, then: you probably will befor a spy, by excited Turks. Heigho! I'm weary, dead weary, and virtue has gone out of asleep in a minute.

coat where it was beginning to burn, and put a pillow behind the head. "We can't help; we can't help." he said. "It's a good ugly sort of old cocoanut, and I'm fond of it. There's the Shouldn't wonder if that has made him a

"I should. He's a most businesslike mad-

"Oh, here, no affection can stand this sort of thing. Wake up, Dick, and go and sleep somewhere else if you intend to make a noise

night," said the Nilgnal in his beard. "I notice that she usually sleeps all day. This is natural

Dick staggered away rubbing his eyes and

came another Sunday. He dreaded and longed for the day always, but since the red-haired girl had sketched him there was rather more dread than desire in his mind.

He discovered that Maisie had entirely neg-lected his suggestions about line work. She notion for a "fancy head." It cost Dick some-What's the good of suggesting anything?"

he said, pointedly.

"Ah, but this will be a picture—a real pict to the Salon. You don't mind, do you?"

"I suppose not. But you won't have time for the Salon." Malaie hesitated a little. She even felt un-

We're going over to France a month sconer

because of it. I shall get the idea sketched out here and work it up at Kami's."

Dick's heart stood still and he came very near to being disgusted with his queen who could do no wrong. "Just when I thought I had made some headway, she goes off chasing butterfies. It's too maddening."

There was no possibility of arguing, for the red-haired sir was in the studio. Dick could easy look unutterable represch.

In sorry, he said, "and I think you make a missake. But what's the idea of your new picture?"

mistake. But what's the idea or your interpretary in took it from a book."

Though the bad, to begin with. Books aren't the places for pictures. And—"it's this," said the red-haired girl behind him. I was teading it to Haise the other day from the 'city of Dreadful Night." Dyon know the book?"

"Alttle. I am sorry I spoke. There are pictures in it. What has taken he fancy?"

The description of the Melancolia:

Har folded wings as of a mighty sais.

Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle. Het all tee impotent to lift the regal focusts as of her earth-born strength and tride. And here again. Maisie, get the tea, dear. The forehead charged with bairful thoughts and dreams.
The hone-bold bunnts of keys, the housewife's gows.
Veinminous instead, and yet rigid.
As though a shell of burnished motal frigid.
Box feet think-shed to trans all weakness down.

"Three centuries and threescore years ago With phantasies of his peculiar thought."

You might just as well try to rewrite Hamlet. It will be waste of time."

"No. it won't," said Maisle, putting down the teacups with clatter to reassure herself. "And I mean to do it. Can't you see what a beautiful thing it would make?"

"How in perdition can one do work when one hasn't had the troper training? Any rool can get a notion. It needs training to drive the thing through—training and conviction; not rushing after the first fancy." Dick spoke between his teeth.

"You don't understand." said Maisie. "I think I can do it."

Again the voice of the girl behind him:

"Baffied and b-aten back, she works on still: Weary and tick of soul, she works the more. Spatianed by her indomitable will. The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pere, and all her sorrow shall be turned to labor—

And all her serrow shall be turned to labor—

I fancy Maisie means to embody herself in the picture."

Sitting on a throne of rejected pictures? No. I shan't dear. The notion in itself has fascinated me. Of course, you don't care for fancy heads. Dick. I don't think you could do them. You like blood and bones.

"That's a direct challenge. If you can do a Melancolia that isn't morely a sorrowful female head, I can do a better one; and I will too. What do you know about Melancolias?"

Dick firmly heliced that he was even then tasting three-quarters of all the sorrow in the world.

"the was a woman," said Maisie. "and she suffered a great deal—till she could suffer no more. Then she becan to laugh at it all, and then I painted her, and sent her to the Salon."

The red-haired girl rose up, and left the room, laughing.

CHAPTER VIL

"If I have taken the common day
And wrought it cunningly
In the shape of a god that was digged a cled,
The greater honor to ms."

"If thou hast taken the common slay,
And thy hands be not free
From the Laint of the soil thou hast made thy spell
The greater shame to thes."

-The Theo Potters

The greater shame to thea."

—The Two Fotters

Di-k looked at Maisie humbly and hopelessly.

"Never mind about the picture." he said.

"Are you realify going back to Kami's a month before your time."

"I must go if I want to get the picture done."

"And that's all you want?"

"You haven't the power. You have only the ideas—the ideas and the little cheap impulses, liow you could have kept at your work for ten years steadily is a mystery to me. So you are really going, a month before you need?"

"I must do my work."

"Your work—bau! No. I didn't mean that. It's all right dear. Of course you must do your work, and—I think I'll say good-by for this week."

"Won't you even stay for tea?"

"No. thank you. Have I your leave to go, dear? There's nothing more you particularly want me to do, and the line work doesn't matter."

"I wish you could stay, and then we could tak over my picture. If only one single pic-

can himble ner incumsie vanity will. I'll do a Melancola—'the Melancola that transcends all wit. I'll do it at once, con—bless her."

He discovered that the notion would not come to order, and that he could not free his mind for an hour from the thought of Maisie's departure. He took very small interest in her rough studies for the Melancola when she showed them next week. The Sundays were racing past, and the time was at hand when all the church bells in London could not ring. I laiste back to him. Once or twice he said something to Binkie about "hermaphroditic intuities." but the little dog received so many confidences both from Torpenhow and Dick that he did not trouble his tuip ears to listen. Dick was fermitted to see the girls off. They were coing by the Dover night boat; and they hoped to return in August. It was then February, and Dick feit that he was being hardly used. Maisie was so busy Stripoing the small house across the park and packing her canvassation take he into time for thought. Dick went down to Dover and wasted a day there irsting over a wonderful possibility. Would Maisie at the very last allow him one small kies? He reflected that ne mignic apture her by the strong arm, as is had seen women captured in the Southern boudan, and lead her away; but Maisie would never the led. She would fait him. It would be better after all to beg for that kies.

Maisie booked more than usually kissable as she stepped from the night moil on to the windy pier, in a gray waterproof and a little gray cloth travelling cap. The red-haired girl was not so lovely. Her greeneyes were bollow and her ilps were dry. Dick saw the trunks aboard, and went to Maisie's side in the darkness unler the bridge. The mail bugs were thundaring into the forehold, and the red-haired girl was watching them.

"You mustin't I shall be busy. At least, if I want you I'll send for you. But I shall write from Vitry-sur-Marne. I shall bave heaps of things to consuit you about. Oh, Dick, you have been so good to me:"

"You mustin't least the

Masie shook her head. "My poor Dick, what

THE LIGHT THAT FALLED

There was no attempt to conceal the scorn of the lazy voice. Dick winced.

But that has been done already by an obsciric artist of the name of Durer, said he.

"How does the poem run?

a regged pocket handkerchief. The two men looked at each other.

"You're a man," said Torpenhow.

"I'm afraid I've been a foot. It isn't our business to run about the earth reforming Bersie Brokes. And a woman of any kind has no right on this lauding."

"Perhaps she won't come back."

"She will if she thinks she can get food and warmth here. I know she will, worse luck. But remember, old man, she isn't a woman, she's my model, and ie ca eful.

"The idea! She is a dissolute little scare-crower gutter-snippet and nothing more."

"So you think. Wait till she has been fed a little and freed from foar. That fair type recovers itself very quickly. You won't know her in a week or two, when that abject fear has died of to hereyes. She'll be too happy and smiling for my purpo-e.

"But surely you're taking her out of charity?—to please me?"

"I am not in the habit of playing with hot coals to please anybody. She has been sent from heaven, as I may have remarked before, to help me with my Melancolla."

"Never heard a word about the lady before."

"What's the use of having a Triend. If you

from heaven, as I may have remarked before, to help me with my Melancolla."

"Never heard a word about the lady before."

"What's the use of having a friend, if you must sling your notions at him in words? You ought to know what I'm thinking about. You've heard me grunt lately?"

"Even so; but grunts mean anything in your language, from had 'bace' to wicked dealers. And I don't think I've been much in your confidence for some time."

It was a high and soulful grunt. You ought to have understood that it meant the Melancolla." Dick wasked Toppenhow up and down the room, keeping silence. Then he smote him in the ribs. "Now don't you see it? Issaie's abject fulllity, and the terror in her eyes, welded on to one or two details in the way of sorrow that have come under my experience lately. Likewise some orange and black—two keys of each. But I can't expisin on an empty stomach."

"It sounds mad enough. You'd better stick to your soldiers. Dick, instead of maundering about heads and eyes and experiences."

"Think so?" Dick began to dance on his heels, singing:
They're as proud as a turkey when they hold the ready

They're as proud as a turkey when they hold the ready You ought to 'ear the way they laugh and joke; hey are tricky an' they're funuy when they've got the Ow but see 'em when they're all stone broke.

Then he sai down to rour out his heart to Mai-le in a four-sheet letter of counsel and encouragement, and registered an oath that he would get to work with an undivided heart as soon as Bessie should reappear.

The girl kept her appointment unpainted and unadorned afraid and overhold by turns. When she found that she was merely expected to sit still she grew calmer, and criticised the appointments of the studio with freedom and some point. She liked the warmth and the comfort and the release from fear of physical pain. Dick made two or three studies of her head in monochrome, but the actual notion of the Melancolia would not arrive.

"What a mess you keep things in!" said Bessie, aome days later, when she feit herself thoroughly at home. "I s'pose your dothes are just as bad. Gentlemen never think what buttons and tape are made for."

"I buy things to wear, and wear 'em till they go to pleces. I don't know what Torbenhow does."
Bessie made diligent inquiry in the latter's

Masie shook her head. "My poor Dick, what can I say."

Masie shook her head. "My poor Dick, what can I say."

Don't say anything. Give me a kiss? Only one kiss, Maisle. I'll swent I won't take any more. You might as well, and then I can be sure you're grateful."

Maisle put her cheek forward, and Dick took his reward in the darkness. It was only one kiss, but, since there was no time limit specified, it was along one. Maisle wrenched herself free angrily, and Dick stood abashed and tingling from head to heel.

Maisle put her cheek forward, and Dick took his reward in the darkness. It was only one kiss, but, since there was no time limit specified, it was a long one. Maisle wrenched herself free angrily, and Dick stood abashed and tingling from head to heel.

Many of the best of the mean to scare you, sarling. I dien't mean to scare you have do one, too. Hemember, me to kin going to do one, too. Hemember, me to kin going to do one, too. Hemember, me to kin going to do one, too. Hemember, me to kin going to do one, too. Hemember, me to kin going water is bad everywhere, but it's worse in France. Write to me if you want anything, and good-by. Say good-by to the what-yous, and there's nothing—nothing in the wide world—to keep us spart except her obstinacy. These clais night boats are much too small. I'll gest Thorn to write to the papers about it. Says beginning to point already. The section of the kelsen place of the help and the release of the h

ME disgrant, there were only amptrophase, in the studies of the property of th

The second in the series of th

opened on the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. June 18. 1817.

Stand in the middle of Waterloo bridge at any hour of the day or night, and you have a wonderful and ever-memorable view. By day the most famous and majestic structures of London rise tefore you, and on each hand, along the bold sweep of the river; by night myriad lamps that and gilmmer, some high in air, some rushing down the embanked shore, some creeping on the black river and revealing dimly the mysterious forms of bulky craft. By day the spectacle is grand; it is even beautiful in some lights, when you get the whole curving aweep of the river from westminster to St. Faul's. There is no finer effect of town architecture anywhere. Nowhere else is there such restuti, satisfying color. The London atmosphere is made for artists and artistic effects. You may rave as you like about smoke and fog, but save when these things are very bad, real. "London particulars," there is a compensating effect for all who have eyes and who know how to see. This London atmosphere softens, subdues, transforms. Do you remember what Whistler said in his. "Ten O'clock."

"When the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil; and the poor buildings lose themselves in the night, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand as they have ceased to see, and nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her sen her master in that he knows her."

It was on Westminster Bridge. In 1803, that Wordsworth composed his beautiful sonnet. Had Waterloo firidge been standing then, wordsworth composed her beautiful sonnet. Had waterloo firidge been standing then, and it is far finer than it could have been in 1803, stand here at sunrie-en as summer morning, and recall Wordsworth's lines; it is an experience of a lifetime; the

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dail would he be of soil who could pass by
A sight so toucking in its majesty:
The beauty of the majesty has been a soil to the sight so toucking in the majesty:
The beauty of the sight soil to the sight

Dear God the very houses seem asseen.

And all that mighty heart is lying still.

From Waterloo Bridge one commands the river from Lambeth and Westminster on the left to St. Paul's and London bridge on the right, with, on either hand, suggestions of more distant structures. Somerset House is immediately in tront of the speciator. It was for the view to be had at this heard of the river that the Lord Protector Somerset built a palace here in the reign of Edward VI. Whether the Lord Protector ever surveyed the view from his windows is a matter of doubt.

In the cheerful manner of those days, Somerset despoiled his neignbors in order to secure the land for his line dwelling. But before his new palace was finished he was deprived of his office and sent to the Tower, where he romained two years, returning there a year latur on a charge of high treason, which cost him his head, hoyalty, during several reigns, inhabited the place, and then the palace was used for the reception of ambasadors. In 1776 Somerset House was altered and extended to the present proportions. But it then ceased to be a palace and became a Government office, and of all Government offices the most unloved, for here abide the collectors of the stamp and income taxes.

and or all government offices in the stamp and for here abide the collectors of the stamp and income taxes.

The Victoria embankment extends from the Salvation Army headquarters at Blackfriars to the House of Parliament. It is a wide driveway, well ornamented with trees and gardens. It runs along the front of all the river atretch as you see it from Waterico bridge. Behind it is the Temple, that legal and literary nest known to all the students of English law and all levers of English books.

The river Thames has been the making of London. Having a tital course for staty miles or more from its mouth, it became, it is a very early period, a great commercial waterway. Large seasals come up as lar as Landon bridge. "Above bridge" the bit, Thames barges itoating up and down on the swift current, convey their varied freights.

ing of something. She-They say men have a keener sense of

humor than women. Now I was thinking of the scandal. He-Don't think of anything so ugly. We shall be beyond it. She—It will be there all the same—in the

shall be beyond it.

She-It will be there all the same—in the mouths of Simia—telegraphed over India and talked of at the dinners—and when he goes out they will stare at him to see how he takes it. And we shall be dead, Guy, dear—dead and cast into the outer darkness where there is — He—Love at least. Inn't that snough?

She—I have said so.

He—And you think so still?

She—What do you think?

He—What have I done? It means equal ruin to me, as the world redones it—outcasting, the loss of my appointment, the breaking off my lifes work. I pay my price.

She—And are you so much above the world that you can afford to pay it? Am I?

He—My divinity—what else?

She—A very ordinary woman. I'm afraid, but, so iar, respectable. How d'you do, Mrs. Middleditch? Your husband? I think he's riding down to Annandale with Col. Statters. Yes, isn't it divine after the rain? " " Guy, how long am I to be allowed to bow to Mrs. Middleditch? Till the 17th?

He—Frowsy Scotchwoman! What is the use of bringing her into the discussion? You were saying?

She—Nothing. Have you ever seen a man

saying?
She—Nothing. Have you ever seen a man He-Yes Once. She-What was it for ?

She-Murder. Is that so great a sin after all? I wonder how he felt before the drop fell.

He-I don't think he felt much. What a gruesome little woman it is this evening! You're shivering. Yut on your cape, dear.

She-I think I will. Oh! Look at the mist coming over Sanjaoli; and I thought we should have sunshine on the Ladies' Mile. Let's turn back.

have sunshine on the Ladies' Mile. Let's turn back.

He-What's the good? There is a cloud on Elysium Hill. and that means it's foggy all down the Mil. and that means it's foggy all down the Mil. We'll go on. It'll blow away before we get to the Convent, perhaps. 'Jove! It is chilly.

She-You feel it, fresh from below. Put on your ulster. What do you think of my cape? He-Never ask a man his opinion of a woman's dross when he is desperately and abjectly in love with the wearer. Let me look. Like everything else of yours it's peried. Where did you get it iron? She-He gave it me, on Wednesday—our wedding day, you know.

He-The deuce he did! He's growing generous in his old age. D'you like all that frilly, bunchy stuff at the throat? I don't.

She-Don't you?

E't you?

Kind air, o' your courtesy.
As you go by the bown sir,
'Fray you o' love for me.
Buy me a russet gown, sir.

He—I won't say: "Keek into the draw well.
Janet, Janet." Only wait a little darling, and
you shall be stocked with russet gowns and
everything else.

She—And when the fricks wear out, you'll
get me new ones and everything
else?

She—And when the irrocks went only on get me new ones and everything else?

Ife—Assuredly.
She—I wender:
He—Look here, sweetheart, I didn't spend two days and two nights in the train to hear you wonder. I thought we'd settled all that at Shalfazehar.

She (dreamity)—At Shalfazehat? Does the Station go on still? That was ages and ages ago. It must be crumbling to nieces. All except the Amirtollah sutcha road. I don't believe that could crumble till the Day of Judgment. ment.

He-You think so? What is the mood now?
She-I can't tell. How cold it is! Let us get

She-I dan't tell. How cold it is: Let us get on quickly.

He-letter walk a little. Stop your inampanis and get out. What's the matter with you this evening, dear?

She-Nothing. You must grow accustomed to my ways. If I'm boring you I can go home. Here's Capitain Congleton coming. I dare say he'll be willing to excet me.

He-Goose! Het ween us, too! Damn Captain Congleton. There!
She-Chivairous Knight. Is it your habit to swear much in takking: It jars a little, and you might swear at me.

He-My angel! I didn't know what I was saying; and you changed so quickly that I couldn't follow. I'll apologize in dust and ashes.

She-Spare those. There'll be enough of ashes.
She-Spare those. There'll be enough of them later on, trood night. Capt. Congleton.

She-Spare those. There'll be enough of them later en. Good night Capt. Congleton. Good to the singing quarriles aiready? What dances an i giving you next week? No! You must have written them down wrong. Five and Seven I said. If you've made a mistake I certainly don't intend to suffer for it. You must alter your programme.

He-I thought you told me that you had not been going out much this season?
She-Quite true, but when I do I dance with Capt. Congiston. He dances very nicely.
He-And sit out with him I suppose?
She-Yes. Have you any objection? Shall I stand under the chandelier in future?
He-What does he talk to you about?
Che-Urah! Don't! Well, now I'm up you out? Out! Don't! Well, now I'm up, you must dispense with the fascinating Congleton for a while. I don't like him.

She lafter a pause)—Do you know what you have said?

She (after a pause)—Do you know what you have said!

He—('an't say that I do exactly. I'm not in the best of temper.

She—So I see " " and feel. My true and faithful lover, where is your "eternal constancy," unalterable trust" and "reverent devotion?" I renember those phrases; you seam to have forgotten them. I mention a man's name.

He—A good deal more than that.

She—Well, speak to him about a dance—perhaps the last dance that I shall ever dance.

in my life before I—before I go away; and you at once distrust and insuit me.

He—I never said a word.

She—How much did you imply? Guy, is this amount of confidence to be our stock to start the new life on?

He—No, of course not. I didn't mean that. On my word and honor, I didn't. Let it pass, dear. Flease let it pass.

The—This once—yes—and a second time, and again and again, all through the years when I shail be unable to resent it. You want too much, my Lancelot, and—you know too much. He—How do you mean?

She—That is a part of the punishment. There cannot be perfect trust between us.

He—I heaven's name, why not?

She—Hush! The other place is quite enough. Ask yourself.

He—I don't follow.

She—You trust me so implicitly that when I look at another man—never mind. Guy, have you ever made love to a gir!—a good gir!?

He—Something of the sort. Centuries ago—in the Dark Ages, before I ever met you, dear.

She—Tell me what you said to her.

He—What does a man say to a gir!? I've forgotten.

She—I emember. He tells her that he trusts

She—Tell me what you said to her.

He—What does a man say to a girl? I've forgotten.

She—I remember. He trils her that he trusts her and worships the ground she walks on, and that he'll love and honor and pi tect her to her dying day; and so she marries in that belief. At least, I speak of one girl who was not protected.

He—Well, and then?

She—And then, Guy, and then, that girl needs ten times the love and trust and honoryes, honor—that was enough when she was only a mere wife if—if—the second life she elects to lead is to be made even bearable. Do you understand?

He—Even bearable! It'il be Paradise.

She—Ah! Can you give me all I've asked for—not now, nor a few months later, but when you begin to think of what you might have done if you had kept your own appointment and your caste here—when you begin to look upon me as a drag and a burden? I shall want it most then, Guy, for there will be no one in the wide world but you.

He—You're a little overtired to-night, awestheart, and you're taking a stage view of the situation. After the necessary business in the courts, the road is clear to—She—'The holy state of matrimony!" Ha! Ha! Ha! Don't laugh in that horrible way!

She—"The noty state of metranon,"
Ha! Ha! Ha! Don't laugh in that horrible way!
She—I-t-c-c-can't help it! Isn't it too
absurd! Ah! Ha! Ha! Ha! Guy stoo me quick
or I shall—I-l-laugh till we get to the church.
He—For goodness sake, stop! Don't make
an exhibition of yourself. What is the matter
with you?

with you?
She—N-n-nothing, I'm better now.
He—That's all right. One moment, dear.
There's a little wisp of hair got loose from behind your right ear, and it's straggling over your cheek. So! She—Thank'oo, I'm 'fraid my hat's on one side.

She—What do you wear these huge dagger bonnet skewers for? They're big enough to kill a man with.

She—Oh! Don't kill me, though. You're sticking it into my head! Let me do it. You men are so clumsy.

He—Have you had many opportunities of comparing us—in this sort of work?

She—Guy, what is my name?

He—Eh! I don't follow.

She—Hero's my card case. Can you read?

He—Yes. Well?

She—Well, that answers your question. You know the other man's name. Am I sufficiently humbled, or would you like to ask me if there is any one else?

He—I see now. My darling I never meant that for an instant. I was only joking. There i Lucky there's no one on the road. They'd be scandalized.

She—They'll be more scandalized before the end.

He—Do-ont! I don't like you to talk in that

He-Do-ont! I don't like you to talk in that He—Do-ont! I don't like you to talk in that way.

She—Unreasonable man! Who asked me to face the situation and accept it?—Tell me, do I look like Mrs. Penner? Do I look like a naughty woman? Swear I don't! Give me your word of benor, my honorable friend, that I'm not like Mrs. Burgago. That's the way she stands, with her hands clasped at the back of her head. D'you like that?

He—Don't be affected.

She—I'm not. I'm Mrs. Burgago. Listen!

trust you. I ve ample reason.

she—Please don t. dear. It hurts as much as
if you hit me.

He—It isn't exactly pleasant for me.

She—I can't hold it. I wish I were dead! I
can't trust you, and I den't trust mysel. Oh.
Guy, let it die away and the forgotten.

He—Too late n w. I den't understand you—
I won't—and I can't trust myself to talk this
evening. May I call to morrow:
She—les. No! Oh, give me time! The day
after. I get into my 'ricksmaw here, and meet
him at Peliti's. You ride.

He—I'll go on to Peliti's too. I think I want
a drink. My world's knocked about my ears
and the stars are failing. Who are those
brutes howling in the Old Library?
She—The're rehearsing the singing-quadrilies for the fancy ball. Can't you hear Mrs.
Ruzgago's voice? She has a solo. It's quite a
new idea. Listen!

Mrs. Buzgago in the Old Library, con molt.

step.)—

See saw! Margery Daw!

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS.

A LIVELY TIME ANTICIPATED AT THE OCALA CONVENTION.

The Formation of a National People's Party Will Be Demanded-Other Bash Propositions-Conflicting Ideas Which Is Will Be Difficult to Harmonize-Powder-

ly's Last Resort-Federating the Formers

The National Convention of the Farmers' Illiance which opens on Tuesday at Ocala. Florida, will be one of the most extraordinary representative gatherings for the consideration of public affairs that the country has ever seen. The tremendous importance of the subjects which will be considered, the conflicting ideas and policies which will be advocated, and stituencies which will be represented. All give to the occasion a national interest. If the manifold differences which threaten to disrupt the congress are harmonized, and the incongruous body unites heartly in the adoption of a definite and positive policy, the result will be the remarkable triumph of an intrepid and masterful leadership. It is doubtful if the organization has within its ranks the talent and tact necessary to shape such ends. The elegates now ass embling at Ocala are flushed with a new sense of power. Many of them believe their organization has within its grasp the immediate political destinies of the country. They are full of bold and rash projects, political, social, and commercial. The conservative element in the order has a tremendous task if it undertakes to prevent the hotheads from committing the Alliance to measures that would drag it quickly over a

Secretary Turner of the National Board of Officers was quite right when he said to a representative of THE SUN not long ago that the assembling of the Ocala congress would the Alliance. In the political field the greatest danger which the conservative members of the order fear is that the delegates will demand the formation of a national People's party. Especially in the West the Alliance men are loud in their advocacy of such a step. Most of the present national leaders believe such a step would be suicidal. They admis that it may properly be taken later, but to-day or next year they are sure that it would prove fatally premature. In only two States has the Alliance resorted to third party methods in were remarkable, but the national leaders do not believe that the average farmer of the country is ready now to cut loose from all party ties and form a new political allegiance. Rank nationalism is the tacit, if not the ac-knowledged, creed of many of the more aggressive leaders of the order. This is particularly true in the West. The advocacy of paternalism in various public measures is outspoken. The Alliance Advance, the organ of the order in Kansas, last week ardently advocated the Government control of the liquor paper, when asked if the movement of the Alliance was not toward nutionalism, replied:

political precipice.

the color in Ramas, last week ardently advedo I look its link planes. Dot I got lits
your world fullow, my knowed by fread that
your world fullow, my knowed by fread that
your world fullow. The first have been
do be planed. Dy you the that?
Bhe-I'm not. I'm Kir. Baugaco. Listent
The state was and to see active.

"The plane of the planes of the state of the color of